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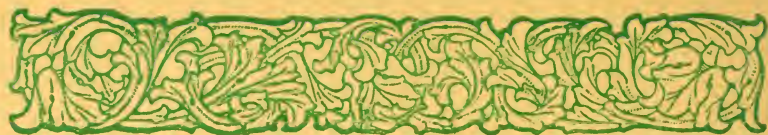
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ORÁID NÁR TUĞAD

D'Éionán Mac Colum, 28 June, 1956

Trí rḡór bhain ó foin—nó tuille cùr leir—cáinig oréam beag le céile, agus ní ró fada an acar ón áit reo a cùinniosar—aitreaca ḡ máitreaca do cùio againn atá i láthair anocht—rean-aitreaca ḡ rean-máitreaca don aor óg atá róimam—agus gan de cùrpóir acc ac náiríun a bi barḡca claoite le trī céas bhain a cùr ar a cōra ac-uair.

Séaró a bi uaca Éire beic croidéalal, Éire beic raor, Éire beic ḡaeḡalaḡ, Éire beic gan roinn, gan ḡangaid. Agus ba é Connraḡ na ḡaeḡilge tora a raḡḡair.

Ac níorb í an teanga aḡáin a ḡcúram ríú. Claoideasor le nóḡ agus le béarḡna ḡaeḡeal, le aḡráin ḡ le céolta ḡaeḡeal. ḡreabḡasor agus o'fuirreasor, agus má tá an Fōḡmar á baint againne inoí, iḡ acc ran atá an buioḡar tuillte.

Anocht cáimio ag iarra cùio den buioḡar rin a' ḡóil le duine den oréam iḡ mó a rinne an tEarrac.

Meireac Éionán ḡ a cōprádaí iḡ beag mear a béas ar aḡráin ḡ ar céol na hÉireann in Éirinn féin inoí.

Beirimio onóir ḡ ómór o'Éionán anocht: ac déanta na rírinne, iḡ mó an onóir, iḡ mó an ḡrasam atá tuillte, raḡḡruite aige rin ná mar iḡ réioir linn-ne a cābairt dó.

Onóir ḡ ḡrasam dúinn féin é, ḡur cāpla dúinn beic ráirteac ran obair mōir bí ar láma aige. Cāit ré a dúḡracḡ ra ḡualḡar le bhanta fada ar fon na ḡaeilge ḡ ar fon céolta na nḡaeḡeal.

Bioḡ ré mar ḡualḡar cōí orainne fearḡa leanúint don obair rin fad iḡ beó muid.

Cōnḡ a béar ḡaeḡil in Éirinn beó, cōnḡ' a béar mear ar béaloidear, ar céol ḡ ar aḡráin na nḡaeḡeal ní baol ḡo nḡéanḡar dearmas ar ainm Éionán Mic Colum.

Molaim cū, Éionán, iḡ ḡoma fada buan cū.

Colm

The United Irishmen

[Read before the Bibliographical Society of Ireland, 1st October, 1956.]

ONE OF the principal source books from which, for 150 years, the history of the United Irishmen has been derived, is that embodying the Reports from the Secret Committees of the House of Commons and House of Lords, published in 1798.

There are several other Reports from Secret Committees published in the same volume ; one from the House of Lords in 1793 and two others from both Houses in 1797. There are also two additional Reports dated 1794, the second of which is accompanied by extensive appendices. These latter deal with various political societies which had grown up in Great Britain, inspired by the success of the American and French Revolutions, and the work of Thomas Paine. These were :

- (i) the *London Corresponding Society* ;
- (ii) the *Society of Constitutional Information*, with branches in many English Cities. They opposed Monarchy and hereditary succession generally.
- (iii) the *Society of the Friends of the People*.
- (iv) the *Society for Promoting Parliamentary Reform*.

Similar societies were formed in Scotland. Dr. MacNeven stated that there had been some slight connection between the North and the Scottish and English Corresponding Societies, but no close association between them and the Executive Directory of the United Irishmen.

We are however only concerned with the Reports which embodied evidence submitted in August and September 1798.

It is important to examine this document carefully and to understand not only its genesis, but also the object for which it was published and circulated among the members of both Houses.

After the insurrection had ended a large number of prominent persons in the Society of United Irishmen were in Government hands. One by one they were to be brought out and hanged. Young John McCann suffered on 19th July ; Francis Dobbs, an eccentric member of the Irish Parliament at the instance, it is stated, of Lord

Charlemont, visited the State Prisons and obtained their agreement to submit particulars about the organisation of the United Irishmen in order to save the lives of Wm. Michael Byrne (sentenced to death on the 21st July), Neilson and Oliver Bond, "without however naming, or describing so as to implicate, any person whatever."

Cornwallis, the Lord Lieutenant favoured this action on the grounds that, except for Neilson, there did not appear to be sufficient evidence to convict any of them. In the absence from Dublin of Fitzgibbon the Chancellor, he consulted Lord Carleton, Lord Kilwardin and Toler, the Attorney General (afterwards Lord Norbury) and they all opposed the proposal strongly. As a result Wm. Michael Byrne was hanged, although he had been once respited. The official defence was that Arthur O'Connor, William Sampson and a few others had not signed the memorial.

After the death of Byrne, Arthur O'Connor and William Sampson both signed and the proposal was renewed.

On 28th July (a Saturday) the Government-controlled *Freeman's Journal* announced that "on Thursday last the High Sheriffs of the City received a respite to stay the execution of Oliver Bond until Monday next ; and we learn that the several State prisoners confined in Kilmainham gaol, as well as those imprisoned in the New Gaol for treasonable offences, having expressed their most sincere contrition and desire for atonement by making known the most important transactions that regard the general safety of the nation, government has been humanely pleased to extend his Majesty's pardon to them on condition of such persons being for ever banished from this Kingdom." This news was received so unfavourably in what were termed "loyalist" circles that the Government was alarmed.

On 4th August some of the prisoners, possibly unaware of this statement in the *Freeman's Journal* submitted a memorandum which they had prepared. Cooke, the Under Secretary came to Kilmainham and told Thomas Addis Emmet and Dr. MacNeven that Cornwallis had seen the memorandum but could not receive it unless some passages were expurged as it was a justification by the United Irishmen. This led to the submitting of direct evidence to the Committees.

Three days later (on the 7th August) a number of the State prisoners commenced their evidence and continued until the 14th ; there was

also a brief appearance on the 6th September. Arthur O'Connor, Samuel Neilson, Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. William James MacNeven and Oliver Bond were examined and part of their evidence was embodied in the official report. A prisoner named Sweeney from Cork and one Griffin, a country delegate also appeared, but their statements were entirely omitted from the report.

On the 5th August, a London newspaper, the *Courier*¹ and other publications had referred to the pact and on 11th August the *Freeman's Journal* exclaimed contemptuously against the "seditious insolence and misrepresentation" in the "wicked and indecent paragraph in the *Courier* and other London prints" for stating that "the government of Ireland had entered into treaty or negociation with prostrate and discomfited Treason, with convicted and imprisoned rebels" and that "A. O'Connor, Dr. MacNeven and Counsellors Emmet and Sampson, dressed in all the consequence of diplomatic ceremony, had a conference with the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. Secretary Cooke and others to discuss the *important* point whether Byrne shall suffer the forfeiture of his crimes or not!!! What unexampled insolence! the real cause everybody knows . . . that it was on the supplicatory application—on the *humble petition* of those named by the *Courier* . . . that they were brought in custody to be examined . . . this is what a London print in alliance with French atrocity . . . dignifies with the name of negociation and conference."

On the 21st August in the House of Commons, Castlereagh stated that he held in his hand the result of the enquiry and it was ordered to be printed.

There followed the publication of the document now under consideration.

Newspaper references to the report were seen by the prisoners and by some means it was found possible to smuggle out the following disclaimer which appeared in *Saunders's Newsletter* and in the *Hibernian Journal* of 27th August over the names of Emmet, O'Connor and MacNeven :—

1 *The Charlemont MSS* mention "that the people have been kept in wholesome ignorance with respect to all the governmental and military outrages except what few Irish truths they can pick up from the *London Courier*."

“ Having read in the different Newspaper publications pretending to be abstracts of the Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Commons and our depositions before the Committees of the Lords and Commons, we feel ourselves called upon to assure the public that they are gross and to us astonishing misrepresentations, not only unsupported, but in many instances directly contradictory to the facts we really stated on those occasions.

We further assure our friends that in no instance did the name of any individual escape from us ; on the contrary we always refused answering such questions as might tend to implicate any person whatever, conformable to the agreement entered into by the State Prisoners with Government.”

The authorities were so angry about the appearance of this press notice that the signatories were immediately placed in close confinement. Some members of Parliament—notably Francis Hutchinson and Cunningham Plunkett demanded their immediate execution !

While these prisoners were still in close confinement an Act was passed—38 Geo. III Chap 78 (1798)—in the preamble of which ninety names were cited and containing the statement that these prisoners “ several of whom being conscious of their flagrant, enormous guilt, have expressed their contrition for the same and have most humbly implored his Majesty’s mercy that he would be graciously pleased to order all further provocation against them to stop and surcease and to grant his royal pardon to them on condition of their being transported, banished, or exiled to such foreign country as to his Majesty in his royal wisdom shall deem meet . . . ”

The prisoners heard of this by accident on seeing an abstract in the columns of the *London Courier*—whereupon Neilson on behalf of his friends wrote to the *Courier*—the letter reaching the hands of Castlereagh—protesting that the recital in the preamble was entirely false and that they retracted nothing. Neilson was immediately visited by Cooke and Marsden, the Under Secretaries, who conveyed to him the very sinister threat that if one word was published on the matter “ it was his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant’s determination to make void the compact and cause civil and military executions to proceed as before.”² In plain English this was an intimation that unless he remained silent about these outrageous calumnies, the Government were prepared to murder both him and his companions.

2 MacNeven : *Pieces of Irish History*, p. 185.

On 6th September, Oliver Bond, who had been examined before the Secret Committees and whose sentence of death had been commuted under the pact, was found dead in his cell in Newgate in extremely suspicious circumstances.

On the same day Emmet, O'Connor and MacNeven were compelled to sign statements that the evidence *as printed* was accurate, though Emmet had the courage to refer to important omissions. (MacNeven has stated that after each day on which evidence had been given the prisoners took the precaution of committing to writing what they had said).

On their release from Fort George, O'Connor, Emmet and MacNeven delivered to the government a document entitled *Memoire*, or a *Detailed Statement of the Origin and Progress of the Irish Union* (1802). This document reproduces the memorandum of August 4th and adds particulars of the evidences given before the Secret Committees subsequent to that date.

One of the most emphatic assertions in the Committee's Reports had been that from its commencement in 1791 the real purpose "of those who were at the head of the institution" was separation. The authors of the *Memoire* stated that some individuals, perhaps, had convinced themselves that benefit would result to this country from such a measure; but during the whole existence of the Society of United Irishmen of Dublin, we may safely aver, to the best of our knowledge and recollections, that no such object was ever agitated by its members, either in public debate, or private conversation, nor until the Society had lasted a considerable time, were any traces of Republicanism to be met with; its views were purely and in good faith what this test of the Society avows."

They made it clear that after 1795 when the Society was re-organised on a wider basis and when Reform seemed hopeless of attainment by constitutional means, the idea arose that as French aid would be necessary and as Reform of an Irish Parliament was in itself of no interest to France, it would be easier to achieve a Republic *with* French aid since it was manifestly impossible to obtain Reform *without* it. It was for this reason that the new Test referred to "an equal representation of all the people of Ireland" omitting the word "parliament."

Emmet had informed the Committee that communication was opened with France when it was clear that the constitutional effort

for Reform would not succeed and he stated that it had been his intention to propose to some of the Executive Directory (and he was sure it would have been carried there) that if there had been any reasonable hope of Reform being adopted they should send one more messenger to France to announce that the difference between the People and the Government was adjusted and not to attempt a second invasion.

This important expression of opinion was omitted from the published report.

Fitzgibbon the Lord Chancellor, asked "what caused the late insurrection" and Emmet replied "The free Quarters, the House Burnings, the Torture and the military Executions in the counties of Kildare, Carlow and Wicklow." Fitzgibbon then asked if he did not think the arrests of the 12th March caused it.³

Emmet's reply was "No, but I believe if it had not been for these arrests it would not have taken place; for the people, irritated by what they suffered, had long been pressing the Executive to consent to an insurrection, but they had resisted and eluded it . . . after these arrests however, other persons came forward who were irritated and thought differently . . ."

This evidence was mentioned, but in an altered form. The Report of the House of Lords Committee included the following statement: "As to Catholic Emancipation (as it is called) it was admitted *by them all* to have been a mere Pretence from the first establishment of the Irish Union and that if they had been enabled to succeed in their plan of Reform and Revolution it would have involved in it equally the destruction of the Protestant and Popish Religion."

Lord Glentworth remarked to Emmet: "Then your intention was to destroy the Church?" To which Emmet replied: "Pardon me, my Lord, my intention never was to destroy the Church, my wish decidedly was to overturn the Establishment."

This was omitted.

On the same subject O'Connor stated: "The destruction of Religion is one thing, the destruction of Establishment another; the great and just principle upon which the Union is formed is the most perfect freedom for all religions alike."

This was omitted.

3 This referred to the arrest of many of the members of the Leinster Directory in Oliver Bond's House, on the information of Thomas Reynolds.

Dr. MacNeven's opinion was : " Let each man profess the religion of his conscience and pay his own pastor."

These plain statements were deliberately twisted into an advocacy of the destruction of all religion.

Dr. MacNeven was asked what occasioned the insurrection and he replied in terms similar to those used by Emmet that "it was occasioned by the house burnings, the whipping to extort confessions, the tortures of various kinds, the free quarters and the numerous murders committed upon the people by the Magistrates and the army."

The speaker remarked : " This only took place *since* the insurrection." To which Dr. MacNeven replied : " It is more than twelve months (looking at Mr. Corry) since those horrors were perpetrated by the Antient Britons about Newry, and long before the insurrection they were quite common through the counties of Kildare and Carlow and began to be practised with very great activity in the counties of Wicklow and Wexford."

This was omitted.

Dr. MacNeven refers to " the garbled disingenuous report of these Committees " and that when he complained of their unfairness to the Chancellor, Fitzgibbon, the latter " did not deny the fact, but declared very roundly, I must not expect they would publish more than would answer their purpose"—an admission which lacks nothing in brazenness !

I have thought it worth while to draw attention to this subject in some detail in view of the importance of the publication which is commonly accepted as a true statement of the proceedings of these Secret Committees.

A survey of the relevant document reveals, I think, that these Reports are little more than propagandist pamphlets and that the verdicts of those responsible for their publication, involving as these verdicts do, such important matters as the good faith of the leaders of the United Irishmen, their espousal of Reform of the legislature and Emancipation and their attitude towards religion as distinct from State Establishment, were not only contrary to the facts, but also to the evidence given before them, much of which they apparently found it necessary to omit.

Obituary

T. B. COSTELLO, M.D., M.R.I.A.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Dr. Costello, died in July last, and no greater loss has come to the Bibliographical Society, or to the *Irish Book Lover* for many a year. He was a friend of Dr. Crone, and one of the pioneers, with Mr. Dix and Seamus O Casaide, in the founding of the Bibliographical Society and the *I.B.L.*

Indeed there was hardly a single Society devoted to Archaeology and to History that Tom Costello did not join. Like Francis Joseph Bigger long ago, he joined everything that could be joined, and there was nothing that he could join that he didn't join. Even up to a few months before his death, he still attended the Folklore of Ireland Society, and I last met him in Galway with his dear wife and daughter. I am sure that he was there for a meeting of the Galway Archaeological Society.

His interests were many, and he was most helpful to younger people. He got me three-legged chairs from Kilbannon and he also gave me a tubular crucifix and two beads to make up my Coral rosary. A very colourful figure has gone from the Western scene. I reprint here a few paragraphs from the *Connacht Tribune*:

"One of the most distinguished members of the medical profession in the country he was an ardent language enthusiast who had been associated with the Gaelic League from its foundation and who had been an intimate friend of the late Dr. Douglas Hyde. He had been dispensary doctor for 60 years.

A native of Tuam, he qualified as M.D. at the Royal University in 1888 and later received the D.P.H. from the Royal College of Physicians. He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy; was Vice-President of the Royal Society of Antiquaries and President of the Galway Archaeological and Historical Society. He was President of the Old Tuam Society. He was an outstanding authority on the history and archaeology of the West and was a clear, lucid speaker on archaeology at meetings of the Galway Society. He coupled with his expert knowledge a pleasant sense of humour, so that in formal talk and in informal social meeting he was both culturally refreshing and entertaining."

A Letter from Oliver Goldsmith

The Goldsmith letter here printed was addressed to Richard Bryanton, and the original is deposited on loan in Trinity College Library. It is the property of Colonel W. T. Gregg, Ballypatrick, Clonmel. It has been published already in an abbreviated form, and is here republished from the original by kind permission of Colonel Gregg.

Edinburgh, Apr. 26th 1753

My Dear Bob,

How many Good Excuses, (& you know I was ever Good at an Excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shamefull silence, I might tell how I wrote a Long letter at my first coming hither, and seem Vastly Angry at my not Receiving an answer, or, I might Alledge, that Buissness (with Buissness (you know) I was always pester'd) had never given me time to finger a Pen, but I suppress these and twenty more equally Plausible, and as easily invented, since they might all be attended with a slight inconvenience of Being known to be Lies, let me then speak truth, an Hereditary Indolence (I have it from the Mother's Side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevented my writing at least twentyfive Letters more due to my friends in Ireland. No Transport Dog gets up into his Wheels with More Reluctance than I sit down to write, yet no Dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet What Shall I say now I'm enter'd shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful Country Where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heather their Valleys scarce able to feed a Rabbitt—Man Alone seems to be the only Creature who has Arived to the natural Size in this poor Soil—every part of the Country Presents The same dismal Landship—no Grove nor Brook lend their Musik to Cheer the Stranger, or make the Inhabitants forget their Poverty—Yet with all these disadvantages to Call him down to Humanity A Scotch Man is one of the Proudest things alive—the Poor have pride Ever ready to Relieve them if mankind should happen to despise them they are masters of their own admiration and that they can plentifully Bestow on themselves from their pride and poverty as I take it Results one Advantage this Country Enjoys, (namely) the Gentlemen are much Better bred than amongst us no

such Character here as our foxhunters And they've expressed great surprise when I informed them, that some men in Ireland of a Thousand a Year spend their Whole lives in Running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every Girl (that will let them) with Child, and truly if such a being equiped in his huntingdress came among a Circle of Scotch Gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a Countryman would king George on Horseback—the men here have generally high cheek'd bones, and are Lean and Swarthy, fond of Action, dancing in particular—Tho now I've mentioned dancing, let me say something of their Balls, which are very frequent here, when a Stranger enters the dancing hall he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies who sit dismally in a Groupe by them Selves, on the other end stands their Pensive Partners that are to be, but no more intercourse between the sexes, than there is between two Countrys at War,—the ladies indeed May Ogle, and the Gentlemen Sigh, but an Embargo is laid on any closer commerce at length to interrupt hostilities. The Lady Directress or intendant or—what you will, Pitches on a gentleman and Lady to Walk a minuet which they perform with a formality that aproaches despondence, after five or six Couple have thus Walked the Gauntlet all stand up to Country dances each Gentleman furnished with a Partner from the aforesaid Lady Directress ; so they dance much and say nothing, and thus concludes our Assembly I told a Scotch Gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman Matrons in Honour of Ceres, and the Scots Gentleman told me (and faith I Believe he was Right) that I was a very great Pedant for my pains, now I'm lame to the Ladies, and to shew that I love Scotland And every thing that Belongs to so Charming a Country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it that the Scots Ladies are ten thousand times finer and Handsomer than the Irish—to be sure now I see your Sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my Partiality, But tell them Flattly I Don't Value them or their fine Skins, or Eyes, or Good Sence, or—a Potatoc, for I say it, and will Maintain it, and as a Convincing proof (I'm in a Very Great Passion) what I assert the scotch ladies say it themselves—But to be less serious, where will you find a Language so pretty Become a pretty mouth, as the Broad Scotch and the Women here speak it in its highest purity. For instance, teach one of the Young Ladies to pronounce Whear will I Gang,

with a Becoming wideness of Mouth, and I'll Lay my life they will wound every Hearer—we have no such Character here as a Coquet But alas ! have many envious Prudes—some days ago I walk'd into my Lord Kilcoubry's—dont be surprized my Lord is but a Glover, when the Dutchess of Hamilton (that fair who sacrificed her Beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and Gilt Equipage) Pass'd by in her Chariot her Batter'd Husband, or more properly the Guardian of her Charms, sat by her side, Strait envy began in the shape of no less than three Ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form, For my part says the first, I think that I always thought that the dutchess has too much Red in her Complexion, Madam I'm of your Opinion says the Second and I think her face has a palish Cast, too much in the delicate order—and let me tell you adds the Third Lady) whose mouth was pucker'd up to the size of an issue, that the dutchess has fine lips but she wants a mouth, at this every Lady drew up her own mouth, as if she was going to pronounce the Letter, P, But how ill my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women, with whom I have scarce any Correspondence, there are 'tis Certain Handsome Women here and 'tis as Certain there are handsome men to keep them Company—an ugly and a poor man is Society for himself, and such Society, the World lets me enjoy in Great abundance—fortune has given you Circumstances, and Nature A Person to look Charming in the Eyes of the fair World, Nor do I envy my Dr. Bob such Blessings, while I may sit down and Laugh at the World, and at my self, the most ridiculous Object in it—But I begin to Grow ——— and perhaps the fitt may continue till I Receive an answer to this—I know you cant send much news from B:mahon But such as it is send it all Every thing you write will be agreeable, and entertaining to me, has George Conway put up a Sign yet—or, Johnny Fineely left off Drinking Drams—or Tom Allen got a new Wig—But I Leave to your Choice what to write—While

Oliver Goldsmith
lives know you have a friend.

PS Give my sincerest Regards not Compliments (do you mind) to your agreeable Family—And give my advice to my Mother if you see her For as you Express it in Ireland I have a sneaking kinship for her still.

Direct to me Student in Physick in Edinburgh.

Notes and Queries

CLARENCE MANGAN'S AGE COMPLEX.

MANGAN was born on the 1st of May 1803.

(1) He writes as follows in his "Fragment of an Unfinished Autobiography" which appeared in the *Irish Monthly* for November 1882, and subsequently in the "Poets and Poetry of Munster," 3rd Edition, 1883, edited by Rev. C. P. Meehan:—

"I had been sent to Mr. Courtenay's Academy in Derby Square. It was the first evening of my entrance (in 1820) when I had completed my eleventh year."

He was 17 on the 1st of May 1820.

(2) He writes as follows in an extract of an "autobiography" which James Price [*Evening Packet* 22.9.1849] states "was confided by him to his generous publisher":—

"It was when I was about fifteen years old that I awoke to a sense of the changes that had come over our household. This was in 1824."

He was 21 on 1st May 1824.

(3) His well-known poem "The Nameless One" contains the following verse:—

"And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from Despair and Woe,
He lives, enduring what future Story
Will never know."

This poem appeared in the *Irishman* of 27.10.1849 four months after his death, but was probably written some months before that event took place, and when he was 45 years of age. The *Irishman*, commencing with its second issue, printed 34 of Mangan's poems, and no less than 15 of these appeared after his death.

(4) His poem "Genius: A Fragment" appeared in the *Irishman* of 23.6.1849 with the following note under the title:—

"Some few of my readers may, perhaps, take an interest in the following verses, from the fact that they were penned at the age of sixteen and were the first that I ever committed to paper. I had, indeed, myself forgotten their existence, and only happened to light on them while rummaging the contents of an old chest of mine, which for twenty years had been consigned to a lumber-room."

This poem previously appeared in the *Dublin and London Magazine* for March 1826, signed "M, Dublin." He was then 22 years of age.

An examination of the four statements set out above shows that in each of them Mangan's age has been understated by 6 years! This remarkable

consistency suggests that for a number of years previous similar statements must have been made, and it would, I think, be no exaggeration to say that in the last few years of his life the family believed that he was born in the year 1809.

The question now arises : When and in what circumstances did Mangan decide to adopt 1809 as the year of his birth ?

The expectation of life a century ago was about 60 years and any person in the forties was definitely "middle-aged." Mangan was 40 on the 1st of May 1843.

On the 8th of October 1843 John O'Donovan addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. J. H. Todd which commenced as follows :—

"I was born on the townland of Attatimore (Áit an Tighe Móir) on the 3rd of August 1809. My father died on the 29th of July 1817, when I was about eight years old." [J.R.S.A.I., July 1884, p. 348].

The exact date of O'Donovan's birth does not appear to be known, but he was baptized on the 26th July 1806. [See "Entries relating to John O'Donovan and his immediate relatives, J.R.S.A.I., Sept. 1915].

I now put forward the following suggestion.

By October 1843, Mangan, assuming he is suffering from age complex, is worried about his age. He is frequently in touch with both John O'Donovan and Dr. Todd and presumably gets to know shortly after O'Donovan's letter was written that he (O'Donovan) has claimed to have been born in 1809. From his long acquaintance with O'Donovan he knows that statement to be incorrect. Mangan now has an example to follow and no doubt he now chooses 1809 as the year of his birth as this will give him six years' escape from "middle age" worries.

F. CARROLL.

THE DREAM OF MACDONNELL CLARAGH: AN ANONYMOUS POEM BY CLARENCE MANGAN.

This poem, which appeared in the *Dublin Penny Journal* of 22.12.1832, with no signature attached, seems to have escaped the notice of Mangan's biographers. It is an unrhymed version of a translation from the Gaelic probably based on a literal translation furnished by Petrie or O'Curry. Hitherto, Mangan's earliest known Gaelic translation was "The Woman of Three Cows" which appeared in the *Irish Penny Journal* of 29.8.1840.

About 1943 I came to the conclusion through internal evidence that "The Dream of MacDonnell Claragh" was possibly Mangan's as it contained two words—"evanished" and "palace-walls" and "-halls") which he had a tendency to use. A year or two later I unexpectedly came across proof.

In the issue of the *All-Ireland Review* for 30.8.1902 Standish O'Grady, the Editor, printed a verse of Mangan's "And Then No More" and added this interesting note : "The following lines by the same poet were discovered

by me in manuscript in, I think, O'Donovan's letters, written while he was engaged on the Ordnance Survey :—

'I lingered on the royal Brugh which stands
By the dark-rolling waters of the Boyne,
Where Angus Og magnificently dwells'."

The Mangan Manuscripts in the National Library (which were not available during the war) include a rough, unrhymed, preliminary rendering which presumably was used by him as a "working model." The opening lines are as follows :—

One night I lay asleep
My thoughts ran wild. Disturbed.
A Banshee soul-subduing mild
Lay down beside me smiled upon me,
Small her waist—her raven locks (ebon locks)
Waving in wanton ringlets to her heels.

F. CARROLL.

THE DREAM OF MAC DONNELL CLARAGH

By James Clarence Mangan

(A JACOBITE RELIC)

'Twas night, and buried in deep sleep I lay,
Strange visions rose before me, and my thoughts
Played wildly through the chambers of my brain,
When, lo ! who sits beside my couch, and smiles
With soul-subduing sweetness ?—"Tis the Banshee !
I saw her taper waist—her raven tresses
Waving in wanton ringlets to her feet,
Her face, fair as the swan's unsullied plumage.
I viewed her—Oh ! her mien of angel meekness,
Her soul-enchanting eyes, her delicate lips,
Her white round breast, her soft and dazzling skin,
Her sylph-like form, her pale transparent fingers,
Her ivory teeth, her mild and marble brow,
Proclaimed her immortality.—The image,
Though dream-born, fascinates my fancy still.
Thrilling with deepest awe I spoke, and asked
From what bright dwelling had the spirit come ?
She answered not, but swift as thought vanished,
And left me to my dark and troubled solitude.
Methought I called her, but she heeded not
My sighs, my cries, mine anguish—and methought
I left my home to seek her. Northwards first
My steps I turned, and came to Gruagach's palace,

Far distant from my dwelling—forth away
 I speeded on to Croghan's fairy-hall;
 Thence to the palace of Senaid, the grand
 And gorgeous fairy mansion of Ardroe,
 On whose broad summit mighty hosts assemble;
 I visited that glorious dome that stands
 By the dark rolling waters of the Boyne,
 Where Æugus Oge magnificently dwells.
 In each, in all I entered, sought, enquired,
 But found her not. In each, in all, they said—
 "She moves before thee wheresoe'er thou goest."
 Enough—I reached Mac Lir's colossal pride,
 Departed thence to Creeveroe, and onward
 To Temor, and the wond'rous fairy structure
 That stands in power on Knockfirin's fairy peak.
 To Aoibhil's palace-walls at length I came,
 Which rise below the rock's gigantic brow;
 And here mine eyes were feasted by the sight
 Of loveliest damsels dancing to the tones
 Of soft voluptuous music; and I saw
 By Aoibhil, Thomond's chieftains, mighty spirits,
 Beautiful, splendid, cased in armed mail,
 Whose sports were battle-feats, and tilts and tournaments.
 And here, too, seated modestly and mildly,
 Her long dark tresses loosely flowing round her,
 I saw the heavenlike being whose bright eyes
 Had made me thus a wanderer. Glancing round,
 She saw and recognised me. And she spoke:
 "Mortal," she said, "I pity thy lone wanderings;
 Approach and hear my melancholy tale:
 "The guardian spirit of this land am I.
 "I weep to see my people fallen—to see
 "My priests and warlike heroes banished hence
 "To alien shores, where, languishing and pining,
 "They groan beneath the iron yoke of slavery!
 "And ah! my child*, my son, my lineal heir,
 "He, too, is far away from me—an exile!
 "I mourn for him, for them, for all departed.
 "Pity!—Oh, Heaven! look down upon me!" Here
 The cloud that sleep had cast around my senses
 Departed, and along with it departed
 The towering domes, the palace-halls, and all
 The chiefs, and dames, and glittering decorations;
 But o'er my spell-bound soul there hung a gloom,
 And there even now it hangs, in spite of reason!

* The Pretender.

THE GOODMAN COLLECTION OF IRISH MUSIC (I.B.L.)

xvi, 33 & xxxii, 40.

The late Dr. P. W. Joyce appears to have had access to the Goodman Collection. His unpublished MSS Collection in the National Library consisting of 866 airs includes over 250 from the Collection, and at p. 135 of the MSS there is a note dated 23 Aug. 1906 "Here I cease temporarily copying."

F. CARROLL.

BOOK CATALOGUES

THE first printers were also the proprietors and publishers of the books they printed but many of them found bookselling a precarious business and they sometimes had to solicit aid from the Pope. Finally printing gave birth to that important branch of the trade, bookselling, and the first such establishments were set up in Germany.

Willer, a bookseller of Augsburg, was the first to conceive the idea of cataloguing his books and he issued his first list at the fair of 1654, his lead being followed by other booksellers. The earliest known catalogue of English printed books on sale by a London book-seller was published in 1595 by Andrew Maunsell.

Perhaps the most remarkable bookseller's catalogue ever printed was Bohn's so-called "Guinea Catalogue" which was about six inches thick and its 2,000 pages contained merely the details of his own stock.

[DIXON'S PAPER CIRCULAR].

THE PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST

[Fionán MacColum has asked me to reprint this note.]

For this beautiful melody and its accompaning words, I have a great pleasure in acknowledging myself indebted to the kindness of my valued friend, Mr. Eugene Curry, a gentleman who, to many of the best characteristics of a genuine Irishman, adds—that not unessential one—a love for the "dear old tunes" of his country; a love so ardent, that it has led him from childhood to gather up, and enabled him to retain in his memory, many ancient and beautiful strains peculiar to, or only remembered in, his native county of Clare, and which, but for that feeling, would, most probably, have been for ever lost to us. The melody is given exactly as noted down from Mr. Curry's singing of it, and as he had learnt it from the singing of his father in his native home, upon the ocean-beaten cliffs of the southern extremity of the lands of the *Dal Cass*. But, as my friend informs me, though the air and words connected with it have been long popular in that wild district, they probably do not owe their origin to it, but rather to some one of the Connaught counties, among which so many melodies of a

similar character yet remain. I confess, however, that in my own musical researches in those counties, I have never heard it, nor have I found a set of it in any collection either in print or manuscript. It is true, indeed, that an air bearing the same name is found in the first of the valuable collections given to the world by my friend, the late Mr. Edward Bunting—that published in 1796; and this air re-appears under the same appellation, but with some unimportant changes, and united, not very happily, to English words, in the collection of Irish melodies published by the late Mr. George Thompson of Edinburgh, in 1814. But as this air—which, perhaps, would be considered by many as one of greater beauty than that now presented—is, however, of a rhythm, time, and general construction so different, that it could never have been united with the words of the old song, it is very probably misnamed, as many of the airs in Bunting's collections often are; or, if not so, it must be the melody of a different song having the same name.

As a very general, but most erroneous, impression has been fixed in the public mind,—through the writings of persons having but a limited acquaintance with Irish music,—that the slow tunes of Ireland are all marked by a sorrowful expression, it may not be improper to direct the attention of readers to the character of this air as an evidence of the fallacy of such opinion. “The Pearl of the White Breast” is a melody strongly marked as belonging to the class of airs known among the Irish as sentimental, or love tunes. Its cadences are all expressive of an imploring and impassioned tenderness; and although they express nothing characteristic of levity or gaiety, they are equally wanting in those expressions of hopeless sadness or wailing sorrow with which the *caoinés*, or elegiac airs, are so deeply stamped. And although it may not have a claim to so high a place in Irish melody as some other airs of its class, it is, as I conceive, a melody of no ordinary beauty,—perfectly Irish in the artful regularity of its construction, and deeply impressed with those peculiar features which would give it a claim to a very remote, though, like most of our fine airs, an unknown and undeterminable antiquity.

HERE FOLLOWS THE MUSIC . . .

With respect to the words now sung to this air, it should, however, be observed that they are by no means of so remote an age as the melody itself—though they are older than most of the songs now sung to our finest tunes, which have rarely an antiquity anterior to the beginning of the last century. It is the opinion of Mr. Curry that his song is, probably, at least as old as the early part of the seventeenth age; and as, for a peasant song, it is not wanting either in naturalness of thought or appropriate simplicity of expression, I have considered it as not unworthy of preservation, as well in its original language, as in a nearly literal versified translation, which I have attempted with a view to convey to the reader some idea of a very usual metrical structure in Irish lyrical compositions. I need scarcely add that it has no pretention to notice but as such an example.

HERE FOLLOW THE WORDS . . .

Tá cailín deas am 'chrádh, and Petrie's own English version : 'There's a colleen fair as May. [From the Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland, Vol. 1, pp. 9, 10 & 18. 1855.] Another set of words, not founded on the Irish song, and to my thinking much inferior, was written by Stephen Edward de Vere, and popularised by John MacCormack. The arrangement of the air was made by Dr. Joseph Robinson, an eminent Dublin organist who died about 50 years ago.

COLM.

MILES O'REILLY AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN (I.B.L., vol. xxxii, 65).

THIS query has brought interesting and welcome letters from America and Ireland. First to reply was one of our friends in the National Library, Mr. Francis A. Ward, who made us a photostat from "The Life and Adventures, Songs, Services, and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly . . . With Comic Illustrations by Mullen" (New York 1864, 8vo., pp. 237), from which we quote : "[on his release . . .] Private O'Reilly was received by a large party of distinguished friends off Sandy Hook, on board the steam yacht of our excellent Port Surveyor, Mr. Rufus F. Andrews, who seems always ready to give both his vessel and his time to such festivities. Excellent speeches were made by General Daniel E. Sickles, Mr. James T. Brady, John Van Buren, Wm. E. Robinson, Commodore Joseph Hoxie, Judge Charles P. Daly, Daniel Devlin, and others ; while Dr. Carmichael, Mr. John Savage, Mr. Stephen C. Massett, Mr. Barney Williams, and several celebrated songsters, amateur and professional, favoured the company with patriotic and expressive melodies as the good vessel steamed up the Hudson on a brief trip.

"Private O'Reilly is now staying at the residence of his cousin, Mr. James O'Reilly, quite a prominent democratic politician in the Sixteenth ward, who is at present employed in the City Inspector's Department. The military minstrel's health seems to have suffered somewhat from the rigors of his late confinement on Morris Island ; but his spirits remain as high as ever, and his letter of versified thanks to Mr. Lincoln is one of the most truly humorous things we have seen for many days. Of this production we can only give two verses—the first and second—O'Reilly saying that the balance (which treats liberally of the Cabinet difficulties and the "succession"), cannot appear until the President gives his consent to its publication,—Private Miles declaring that he has had his full share of punishment for publishing rhymes without authority, and that he is resolved never knowingly to be caught in the same bad scrape again. His letter to the President begins :—

Long life to you, Misther Lincoln !
 May you die both late an' aisy ;
 An' whin you lie wid the top of aich toe
 Turned up to the roots of a daisy,
 May this be your epitaph, nately writ—
 " Though thraitors abused him vilely,
 He was honest an' kindly, he loved a joke,
 An' he pardoned Miles O'Reilly ! "

And for this same act while I've breath in me lungs
 Or a heart in me body beatin',
 It's " long life to you, misther Lincoln ! "
 That meself will keep repeatin' :—
 If you ain't the handsomest man in the world
 You've done handsome by me, an' highly ;
 And your name to poshterity will go down
 Arm in arm wid Miles O'Reilly !

This gives the original and correct version of the toast to Lincoln (writes Mr. Ward). It is a humorous allusion to the crime of the Private " for his breach of decorum in publishing songs relative to the joint naval and military operations against Charleston."

Private Miles O'Reilly was Charles Graham Halpine, son of Rev. N. J. Halpine, born at Oldcastle, Co. Meath in 1829, educated T.C.D., studied medicine, took up journalism and was acquainted with some of the Young Irelanders. Went to U.S.A., settled first in Boston and then in New York, and worked on the Staff of *New York Times*, *Herald* and *Leader*.

He was a Colonel in the U.S. Army during the Civil War, and served with the 69th Irish. His famous poem 'Sambo's Right to be Kilt' helped to overcome the objections of the Northern soldiers to the enlistment of negroes. He died suddenly on August 3rd, 1868 from an overdose of drugs.

From Dr. Bernard Moss of Philadelphia we received the following :

" Miles O'Reilly was a nom de plume of Charles G. Halpine, born near the town of Oldcastle, in the County of Meath, in the year 1829. His father, Rev. Nicholas J. Halpine, was an Episcopal clergyman of the Established Church, and editor of the Dublin *Evening Mail*, a man of extraordinary talents. The son Charles gave early evidence of inheriting his father's ability. He was a graduate of Trinity College and, after graduation, engaged in Journalism, and contributed to the Irish and English Press. While still a young man he emigrated to America and was an immediate success in his chosen career. When the war against the Union broke out, " he lay down the pen and took up the sword," and accepted a commission as Lieutenant in the famous Irish regiment, New York 69th, commanded by Colonel Corcoran. At the time of his discharge he had attained the rank of Brigadier

General. An earnest devotee of the Fenian Cause in America and Ireland, Halpine was a faithful and loyal friend of John O'Mahony, Head Centre of the I.R.B. in America and Michael Cavanaugh, Secretary to O'Mahony. Of these three men it may be said "few sacrificed more for the Cause, few made less by it."

In 'Private Miles O'Reilly,' Halpine created a fictional character given to satirical observations on political and military affairs. As a breach of military decorum resulted in Miles O'Reilly's arrest, he made application for and was granted a pardon by President Lincoln, hence the poetical effusion quoted in the I.B.L. After the war, Mr. Halpine was well known as a popular poet and became editor of the *New York Citizen*. He died in 1868, at the age of 39, and the Irish American Community lost one of its most important and useful figures.

The following are the published works of Charles G. Halpine :

1. Life and Adventures of Private Miles O'Reilly, New York, 1864.
2. Baked Meats of the Funeral, New York 1866.
3. Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), edited by Robert B. Roosevelt, 1869.

Dr. Moss's letter was followed quickly by one from Holyoke, Mass. sent by John O'Toole whose name is familiar to regular readers of this Journal. Mr. O'Toole enclosed a transcript from *The War Years* by Carl Sandburg, 1939 Vol. 3, pages 514 and 515, which is identical with the verse supplied by Mr. Ward. Mr. O'Toole's letter concludes with the following note :

A History of American Life by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Dixon Ryan Fox, Editors. Page 377. The only reference to Miles O'Reilly is at the foot of this page. He was referring to writers during the Civil War—Quotation "Petroleum V. Nasby," "Private O'Reilly" and "Mrs. Partington" were loved for their (i.e.?) pungent sallies.

GRAMMATICA LATINO HIBERNICA (I.B.L., xxxii, 5).

My copy might be of some interest.

It is a duplicate from the Vatican Library, and apparently must have lain on its side in a press since the day it was printed, for there is no least trace of dust on the tops of the pages. The original white vellum cover is untouched save for library marks, and the book itself perfect save for a couple of small worm holes through a few pages. At foot of the title page is written in ink :

Ex. libris Cong.^{nis} Missionis Domus Romae
SS. Joannis & Pauli

This was obtained through a mad bookseller here—I enclose a couple of sheets from his last catalogue, from which I have just received an almost mint copy of *Lucerna Fidelium*. You will note his listing of it as 'completely in Arabic or Persian.'

PÁDRAIG Ó BROIN.

Toronto.

QUERIES

1. In the Belfast Record Office there is a Diary of John Martin covering the years 1848 to 1858. Referring to his residence in Paris in 1858 he states that he is "helping Mr. Leonard in the work of translating from French into English the life of Robert Emmet written by a Col. Byrne." No such work was ever published as far as is known. What happened to the manuscript?

2. Thomas Robinson (died 1810) studied under Romney and migrated from England to Ireland, becoming President of the Society of Artists in Dublin. He lived for some time in the north in 1798 and he painted "Encounter between the King's Troops and Peasants at Ballynahinch" including portraits of some leading contestants. This picture was later won in a raffle by Lord Hertford. Is its present whereabouts known, or were any reproductions made?

3. Nicholas Mageean, the notorious informer from Saintfield, Co. Down, is stated to have written letters "to the papers" in 1814 exposing his dealings with Lord Castlereagh. Can any reader supply a more precise reference?

4. Is any likeness extant of General Henry Munro who commanded the insurgents at Ballynahinch?

CHARLES DICKSON, M.D.

Gay Field, Killiney, Co. Dublin.

MUSICAL EPITAPHS IN IRELAND

GEOFFREY HANDLEY-TAYLOR, Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport Street, London, W.C.2., is anxious to collect musical epitaphs and associated inscriptions in Ireland, to be included in a further volume in the Music Book series. Although the request embraces principally the search for epitaphs of local musicians, hymn and ballad fragments in inscription form, the fact that items prior to 1850 are sought mainly does not preclude interesting and appropriate inscriptions of later date being placed in this volume.

Readers of the *Irish Book Lover* are asked to cooperate. Full published acknowledgement will be made.

PATRICK DENN

THE fervour for religious instruction in Irish, so notable in Cork in the early nineteenth century, left a considerable legacy of transcripts of pious tracts in Gaelic manuscript collections. It was marked also by a number of printings in Irish which was quite remarkable and deserves full bibliographical treatment. The lithographed prayer-book by O Longáin which I showed at a recent meeting of the Bibliographical Society of Ireland is only one of the interesting items to be met with.

The pious schoolmaster Patrick Denn of Cappoquin was one of the most active apostles of this period, and was outstanding among writers of Irish before the revival period, for the number of his works which he saw in print in his life-time. He died in 1828.

Apart from editing, with additions by himself, Tadhg Gaolach's *Pious Miscellany* (1819 and many subsequent editions), he was the author of the following works :

(1) *Leavar beag na/rosaries,/mar aon leis/na liodain,/agus/le toirvirt suas an anama/aig dul deag,/ &c. &c./sgriovha le Padruig Din, a Gceapachuinn/air na chuir a gclo le/Seayan A'Caoya,/leavar reiceoir a Gcluainmeala, anso mbliayain/d'aois an tiarna 1818. 48 pp., 14 x 8.5 cm.*

(2) *Machtnuig go maih air,/no/leirsmuainte air/fhirine mhor an chreidiv Chriosduvail/do gach la anso miy./Sgriovha roive seo a mBearla le/Ristard Challenor, D.D./agus aistriyhe go Gaoyailge le/Padruig Din, a gCeapachuinn./Cloyvuailte le/Seayan A'Caoy,/leavar reicheoir a gCluain-Meala/aois an tiarna,/1819. 118 2 pp., 14.5 x 8 cm.*

(3) *Stiúratheoir an pheacuig . . . 1824.* (Diarmuid O hÉaluighthe's edition, Cork Univ. Press, 1945, refers to this but does not describe it, and bases its text on a Cork edition of 1860, of which it gives apparently a copy of the title-page in modern type-setting).

(4) *Comhairleach/an/pheacuig,/agus/aitheanta De,/minighthe./Sgriubhtha le Padruig Denn,/a gCeapachuinn./Cork :/printed by Charles Dillon,/12, Castle-street./1829. 68 pp., 14.5 x 8 cm.*

(5) *The/catholic children's/religious primer,/containing/the prayers, &c./necessary for the instruction of youth, and even for/the adult ;/also/ the lord's prayer,/and the principal parts of the mass expounded./with the/ the (sic) rosaries and litanies of Jesus, Mary and Joseph—/the rosary for the dead—and the recommendation of a soul departing, &c. &c./by Patrick Denn, Cappelquin./Cork :/printed and sold by Charles Dillon and son,/no. 12, Castle-street./1830. frontisp. (crude wood-cut with letter-press) 78 pp., 14 x 8 cm.* (Apart from the title-page, an opening address to the reader and a note on the orthography at p. 78 *inf.*, the text is in Irish, in the English character, as is the case in the other works listed.)

The successive editions of the *Pious Miscellany* deserve a separate note which I hope to prepare.

There is in the National Library a copy of the common 1813 edition of Uilliam O Domhnuill's *New Testament in Irish* (reference Ir 2255nl), endorsed on the front fly-leaf *recto* *Leabhar Phattrraig Din do cheannaigh se anso mbliaghain daois an Tigearna 1816* and again *Patk. Denn's Book*, and on the back fly-leaf *recto* again *Patk. Denn's book*.

This is not the only instance I have come across of Catholic priests or spiritually minded laymen using this unauthorised (in their eyes) version of scripture. I should be glad to hear of any further works of Denn, apart from revival editions.

A. MacLochlainn.

EARLIEST GAELIC TYPE IN CORK

HARDIMAN tells us (*Irish Minstrelsy*, 1831, Introd., p. xxxiii, footnote) that: "The first Irish type that found its way to Munster was sent in 1819 by the writer hereof to his worthy friend Mr. Denis O'Flynn of Cork, an excellent Irish scholar, who erected a small printing press in his house for the patriotic purpose of multiplying copies of some favourite Irish poems as a means to their preservation."

Among a group of fragments of early nineteenth century Gaelic printing which reached the National Library with the papers of the late Séamus O'Caseide were a few which can be attributed to this press, being obviously trials with the font on its arrival, or at best proofs of job work. There are four fragments; (i) a piece 12" x 7½", bearing two pulls of an appeal on behalf of the Irish language, (ii) two pieces, each about 4" x 7", and each bearing a pull of 2 qq., headed 'Chum Gaoidhil Eirionn,' beginning 'O's do chlu gach n-aon a thir do ghradh' and ending 'A leaghann an fochd 'sa n-Diadhachd and subscribed, as is (i) above, 'Bárd Eirinn' (written 'Bár d'Eirinn'). (iii) One small piece, irregularly shaped, bearing 2 qq., headed 'Atcuinge,' beginning 'Aitcim Criosd gon iomad cáis' and ending 'Anois ar d-tabhairt amuis a le.(i?)ghinn 'sa seadh, d'athcra d'INIS ALGA,' and subscribed 'Donnchadh O'Floinn.' This piece is a conventionally worded if obscure pious prayer both for the composer and for the one who displayed his magnanimity "ag seoladh chugain maille greann ia miadh, an chlo Gaoidheilg o Ath Cliath," and this surely establishes it as a tribute to Hardiman and the newly-arrived type.

The type is that of James Christie, according to Lynam probably the only one cut and cast in Ireland.

The inking and impression in all the fragments are bad, and unfortunately item (iii) has been damaged and an attempt made to repair it with a strong cellulose adhesive which has left bad staining.

O'Flynn of course is well-known from much other evidence.

A. MacLochlainn.

"THE OTAHEITE LANGUAGE IN DUBLIN"

FROM Sydney, Australia comes a query from my old friend and fellow student James Anthony Meagher. It concerns a strange book "An Epistle from Oberea, Queen of Otaheite, to Joseph Banks, Esq., translated by T.Q.Z. Esq., Professor of the Otaheite Language in Dublin, and of all the Languages in the Undiscovered Islands in the South Sea; and Enriched with Historical and Explanatory Notes. The Fourth Edition. London: Printed for J. Alinon, opposite Burlington House, in Piccadilly. MDCCLXXIV (Price One Shilling)."

There is mention of a "fifth" edition by W. Wilson at Dublin 1774, probably pirated. A "seventh" edition was reprinted by the Rams Skull Press in Sydney (1956?). The authorship has been ascribed to a Major John Scott and more recently to a Professor Fitzgerald of Trinity College, Dublin. Can any reader throw light on this problem?

Reviews by the Editor

NINTH-MUSIC BOOK "John Gay and the Ballad Opera" (The Beggar's Opera). By Geoffrey Handley-Taylor and Frank Granville Barker. Cro. 8vo. 56 pages text. 130 illus. Cloth. London: Hinrichsen, 12s. 6d.

I DO NOT KNOW what good friend, or good angel, prompted the Publishers to send me this book, but surely they could not send it to one more interested. Geoffrey Handley-Taylor and Frank Granville Barker have done a wonderful bit of research into the origins, production, and development of 'The Beggar's Opera.'

Every possible thing has been listed, even down to the pottery figures and the playing cards which this historic "jumble of tunes" has called forth through the centuries since 1728. This strange musical comedy—for it is nothing more—called 'The Beggar's Opera' has been revived many times during the last two hundred years.

Carefully numbered by paragraph, this book *The Ninth Music Book* published by Hinrichsen forms an almost complete history, but one wishes that a few other references were added.

I attended the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, and I still have the programme of Nigel Playfair's production, and the announcement of "Polly" (the second part of 'The Beggar's Opera').

Likewise I have, from *The Observer* of 20th April 1952, an obituary notice of Frederic Austin who died on April 10th, 1952 aged 80.

Boosey & Co. published the vocal score of the Opera and H.M.V. did a number of records.

Strangely enough Nigel Playfair's revival of 'The Beggar's Opera' was preceded in Dublin by 'Polly,' and I can still remember vividly how lovely little Polly looked, dressed as a grenadier, leaning against the proscenium arch singing 'Virtue's Treasure.' I have also the De La More Press edition in which all the songs are given, and all the words too. It is dated September 1903, and the Introduction is signed by G. Hamilton Macleod. Much of Handley-Taylor's information could possibly have been gleaned from this edition. The sources of the tunes, and the varying names by which they are known are in it.

In the Bibliography I think that the 1729 edition of 'Polly' done by John and William Neale of Christ Church Yard, Dublin, should have been mentioned. My copy is in gorgeous condition, folio.

The/Whole Musik & Songs /of the/SECOND PART/of the/BEGGARS OPERA;/Sett with Basse/Proper for the Violin, German Flute,/Harpicord, or Spinet./Carefully corrected from the London Edition./DUBLIN /Printed & Sold, by John, & William Neale, in Christ Church/Yard, where

may be had all the New Peices as they come out/in London./Note they have choice of English Fiddles. Price 2s. 8½d.

This is all printed from engraved plates, often with bad spelling, and sometimes with corrections along the edge of the plate.

THOMAS BEWICK Wood Engraver Newcastle-upon-Tyne 1753-1828.
4¾ by 8 inches. 24 pp. Greenock: Signet Press. 2s. 6d.

WORDSWORTH IN SCOTLAND. Demy 8vo. 24 pp. Greenock: Signet Press. 5s.

THE SIGNET PRESS have honoured us lately with two exceedingly elegant pamphlets one, *Thomas Bewick Wood Engraver, Newcastle upon Tyne 1753-1828* set in 12 pt. Caslon, and printed by Thomas Rae.

The second one is *Wordsworth in Scotland*.

Of these two the Bewick one pleases me most as I think the use of the border on the Wordsworth pamphlet takes from its general appearance. The border is too near the edge, and in fact on my copy has been cropped by the cutter.

The Bewick pamphlet carries a number of reproductions of the Master's work, and a portrait bust as frontispiece. There is no doubt that of all English Wood Engravers Bewick stands as Master, and it is nice to see a tribute like this coming from Greenock, which is not too far away from Bewick's home town.

Wordsworth's book is dedicated to my friend Geoffrey Handley-Taylor, and it contains most of the poems which were the result of Wordsworth's visit to Scotland in 1803.

The edition is limited to 300 numberd copies, and I am sure that this will become a 'Collector's piece' in a short time. It is priced at 5s.; while the Bewick book only demands a modest 2s. 6d. It also is limited to 500 copies.

THE PATERSON IRISH SONG BOOK: Edited and arranged by Redmond Friel. Cro. 4to. Paper. 32 pp. London. Pianoforte Ed. 4s. 6d. Melody 1s.

I FIRST heard of Redmond Friel when he submitted some musical arrangements to the Oireachtas about ten years ago. He is a competent musician and in this little book he has given arrangements of traditional Irish tunes to words in English by different poets ranging from Thomas Moore to George Sigerson.

There is need for books like this as since Hubert Rooney's *Well known Songs of Ireland* published in 1907, no book of popular Irish songs has been issued with piano-forte accompaniments. Most of us have had to be content—as I have been—with simple transcriptional melody with the first verse under the music, and the rest trailing off.

I hope that Paterson's will have success with this book, and will do more of a similar kind.

MARGADH NA SAOIRE. By Maire Mhac an tSaoi. Crown 8vo. Cloth 80 pp. Baile Atha Cliath: Sairseal agus Dill. 7s. 6d.

At a very early age Miss MacEntee showed promise of being, if not a poet, at least a versifier; in this book she emerges completely as a poet.

The best of her verses have echoes of old songs and of old themes. It is only when she tries to be completely modern, and—let it be said in a whisper—a trifle salacious, that the poetry vanishes. I suppose modernism in poetry must dive into the depths now and then; but there are a few poems in this collection, especially the translation from the Spanish, which might well have been left out.

The book is cleanly printed with a certain amount of slur here and there. The case is made of good cloth. On the cover there is a lady precariously balanced between two flimsy chairs. What she represents I do not know. The title *Margadh Na Saoire*, as explained by me to successive generations of students, means the 'Hiring Fair' which used to be held all over the country on the two Lady Days, 25th of March and 15th of August, but it seems to have little connection with this gather-em-up of verse.

The Publisher's claim that 'these verses will live for ever' errs, I think, on the side of optimism, though, as I have said the echoes of older poetry may endure: *Mac an Táilliúra* for instance:

Cailín an bhainne is cailín na luaithe,
Cailín na cathrach, cailín na tuaithe,
Bean i mbun leapan is bean i mbun scaibe,
Thugadar grá do mhac an táilliúra.

Cailín an tsamhraidh a d'fhan againn seachtain,
Is an cailín a tógadh sa tigh seo ina leanbh,
An cailín fuála a tháinig Dé Sathairn,
Thugadar grá dhó—níorbh fhéidir a sheachaint.

Thugadar grá do mhac an tailliúra
Gur chuma ó thalamh leis chuige na uaidh iad,
Is d'imigh thar caladh ina ghaige saighdiúra.

D'imigh thar caladh ina shaighdiúir liostálta,
Is gur fada ó bhaile a síneadh a chnámha air,
An scafaire fearúil a ghoileann na mná san.

SAIRSEÁL AGUS DILL—the books from this Publishing Firm arrive in such numbers that one cannot keep abreast of them, even with the best will in the world.

The latest one I have read is a thriller *Cúrsaí Randolph* in which a set of bones bought by two medical students seems to possess supernatural powers, and goes roaming about the city engaged in weird depredations.

Another one is a romantic tale by Críostóir Ó Floinn called *The Black Eagle* in which a Tory or Rapparee raises a forlorn-hope after the fall of Limerick.

These two belong to a new series of thrillers, but there are more serious ones on my shelf still unreviewed. One is a portion of the Life of Michael Mac Liammoir whose *Ceó Meala Lá Seaca* was one of Sairséal agus Dill's earlier issues; the other is a selection of stories from Pádraic Ó Conaire by Tomás De Bhaldraithe; and it seems another book of short stories by Liam Ó Flaithearta is coming out.

Let us hope that the readers of Irish—of whom I must confess to be one of the laziest—have been keeping in touch with the publications of Sairséal agus Dill. For those who have the leisure to read them in this turbulent world, there is much happiness in store.

THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, U.C.D.—
A Centenary Record. The Kerryman, Tralee. 21s.

HERE is a large 8vo. book containing as much as can be garnered of the history of the Literary and Historical Society of University College from 1855 to 1955.

The strange method has been adopted of allowing the members of various generations to give their reminiscences of the Society. The result is a tremendous over-lapping, and the Editor, even if he had a blue pencil in hand, was loth to use it. Far better would it have been to gather all the reminiscences and put them in the hands of one Editor to condense the whole into an ordered sequence.

Surely Myles Dillon could have done it; or T. de Vere White. Jimmy Meenan steered half-way, and indeed I doubt if any recipient of this book will read the whole of it. We are all inclined to search out the part that deals with our own day and revel in it; we do not even look before and after, or pine for what is not.

SEANCHAS ÓN OILEAN TIAR. Tomás Ó Criomhthain do dheachtaigh.
Robin Flower do scríobh. Séamus Ó Duilearga do chuir i n-eagar
Maille Le Reamhra agus Nótaí. Cro. 8vo. Cloth. xxiii + 266 pp.
Dublin: The Educational Company of Ireland Ltd. 12s. 6d.

PROFESSOR DELARGY is to be congratulated on the wonderful book that he has put together out of the seanchas Robin Flower recorded from Tomás Ó Criomhthain.

Seán O'Sullivan's drawing of the Author is just a little bit too sad-making, he was happier and brighter when I saw him for the one and only time.

However if we are to echo Tomás "there won't be the like of us again in the world." This strange world is moving so rapidly that we are being out-distanced by the youngsters; but indeed as long as Robin Flower's memory will endure there is no doubt that the Great Blasket Island will still be populated, even if it is only by ghosts—Gaelic-speaking ghosts—who will preserve for all time the memory of the life that was in the western Islands.

THE COUNTRYMAN. Vol. LIII, Nos. 2 & 3.—Summer and Autumn 1956. Cro. 8vo. Paper. 208 pp. in each. London : Bradbury, Agnew & Co. Ltd. 3s. quarterly.

It is many a year since 'The Countryman' proved to me that there is still enough of rural life left in England, Scotland and Ireland to merit recording.

In the two Numbers before me, first I have to mention *Paddy the Cope*, a fine article by Cahir Healy, with a portrait by Raymond Piper. The article is by Cahir Healy, the grand old man of the Northern Ireland Parliament. I know Paddy, and am proud to have known him for many years. There are few Irishmen who have done so much for their neighbours and comrades through the last fifty years. Templecrone Cooperative Society is a model for all such efforts no matter where they begin, and I hope that Paddy the Cope will keep on for many a year yet to show that the Irish countryside can still live.

The Autumn Number 1956 has also something to interest Irish readers *Memories of Connemara* by Douglas Thompson. I, like the Author, can remember Connemara for fifty years, and though I have few illusions left, I still can cherish fond memories—all reawakened by Douglas Thompson's article.

'The Countryman' is a wonderful little production—long may it flourish.

A FUGUE OF CINDERELLAS. By Bryan Guinness. Illustrated. London, Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

In an atmosphere of pure fantasy with a fairy-tale interwoven, Bryan Guinness here tells us of a carnival-night in Venice where divorced men and women meet and miss their daughters, nieces, step-daughters, etc., and one by one the principal ladies are brought forward, each in her way a Cinderella.

There is much beautiful writing in this story which centres around a Palladian villa across the Lagoon from Venice, and many of the passages are pure poetry.

It ends on a quiet note from which we are to gather that all lived happily ever after. A pleasant bit of reading, though not to be taken too seriously.

IRISH FOLK WAYS. By E. Estyn Evans. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 16 + 324 pp. Illustrated. London. Routledge & Keegan Paul Ltd. 35s.

It is a good many years since I saw Mr. Evans' first book on the Irish countryside, and I reviewed it in *The Irish Book Lover*, its title was 'Irish Heritage.'

Since 1915 I have been collecting photographs, ground-plans, drawings, sketches, and even actual specimens of countryside craft similar to those that Mr. Evans has here shown.

It was my intention to make a book, but the years have gone by, and now Mr. Evans has covered the ground so wonderfully that I doubt if my little contribution would be worth printing at all.

A glance at his contents will show the ground he has covered, from natural and physical geography down to customs prevailing at weddings and wakes.

I am glad that we have had so thorough an investigator as this Welsh pilgrim located in Belfast, and that he followed so well the teaching given him in Wales by his good Professor at Aberystwyth, H. J. Fleure. This, as I have said elsewhere, is a product of the new approach to geography which begins at the lowest stone in Ireland and ends with the highest cloud.

THE MONTH. March 1957. Vol. 17, No. 3. Edited by Rev. Philip Carman, S.J. Demy 8vo. Paper. 80 pp. Illustrated. London: Longmans Green. 3s.

EVERY now and then the Jesuit journal *The Month*, published by Longmans Green & Co. devotes the complete number to Ireland, and here we have what must be one of the calmest and most judicious appraisements of just the way we are in Ireland now.

True *The Month* gives our artistic and craft work an almost undue notice, but there are serious articles on Irish Agriculture (by Henry Kennedy) and Ireland's Economic Policy (by James Meenan) which bring us back to realities.

The Theatre, Church Architecture, Painting, Stained Glass, etc. are great interests, but they cannot survive if economic structure crumbles.

The journal is almost a model of what such a publication should be. The paper, printing and general set up of the articles please me mightily. The printers are Unwin Brothers, Limited, Woking and London.

THE NEWSMEN OF QUEEN ANNE. By William B. Ewald, Jr. Demy 8vo. 12 + 244 pp. Cloth. Oxford. Basil Blackwell. 22s. 6d.

THERE is an immense amount of Irish interest in this book. In fact on page 22 we stumble across a whale ashore at 'Bag and Bunn' where the Normans landed, and all through the book we find scattered references to Ireland, and of course when we think of Queen Anne's time we cannot avoid thinking about people like Jonathan Swift, Steele and others whose Irish affiliations are well known.

It is a strange book as the compiler apparently found the advertisements of more interest than the news matter.

A great deal of the poetry quoted is ribald, but this apparently was fashionable at the time, and even the good Dean did not consider that it took from the sheen of his cloth to descend now and then to the common level.

Dublin also had its Coffee Houses, and its Newsheets circulated from day to day from Dame Street to Cork Hill.

If my good friend Frank O'Kelley had lived he would have revelled in this book, and written a supplement dealing with Dublin News-sheets.

THE I.R.B. AND THE 1916 RISING. By Diarmuid Lynch. Edited by Florence O'Donoghue. Demy 8vo. Cloth. 14 + 228 pp. with frontispiece. Illustrated. Cork, Mercier Press. 12s. 6d.

THIS book is wrongly titled. 'Diarmuid Lynch, the I.R.B. and the 1916 Rising,' would have been better.

It begins with two chapters of Lynch's autobiography, followed by two short chapters on the Casement Pamphlet of 1915 and a few notes on the Countermanding Orders of Holy Week, 1916. This much of the book occupies 54 pages.

We are then treated to almost 100 pages of criticism of two other books written about the Rising—notes obviously made by Lynch in preparation for a historical work on the period, which he never completed.

We then find in chapters VIII and IX some notes on Easter Week in the G.P.O. area. Chapter X is an Address given by Lynch to a Clan-na-Gael Rally, New York, in 1921.

Then the Editor, Mr. Florence O'Donoghue proceeds with the history of Diarmuid Lynch, and the book ends as it began, nowhere, except that there is an inaccurate and incomplete Index.

Diarmuid Lynch was a very fine man, but he had no flair for journalism; and one would have expected that Mr. O'Donoghue, an accomplished journalist, would have welded all the strange and useful material here gathered into a coherent book.

THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF IRELAND. Vol. LXXXV, Part II, and Vol. LXXXVI, Parts I and II.

HERE before me are the second part of Vol. 85 and first and second parts of Vol. 86.

My reason for dealing with the two together is that a splendid article by Father Canice Mooney, *Franciscan Architecture in Pre-Reformation Ireland*, begins in Vol. 85, Part II, and is continued in Vol. 86, Part II. Splendidly illustrated and documented, this study of Father Mooney's really deserved publication as a separate book, and it seems a pity that The Society of Antiquaries have given up the good old custom of issuing every now and then a supplementary Volume. Father Mooney's industry and painstaking research is well known, and he has done nothing better than this very fine study. Harold Leask did something similar on the Cistercian Churches some years ago, but I cannot remember if anyone has yet dealt with the Dominican Churches.

There is also in Vol. 85, Part II, *A Survey of Sceilg Mhichil* by Liam de Paor, in which he has measured and photographed the Monastic Enclosures; while Caoimhín Ó Danachair has an interesting study of *The Holy Wells of Co. Limerick*.

Vol. 86, Part I, begins with excavations of *An Early Kitchen-Midden at Sutton, Co. Dublin* by G. F. Mitchell; and R. B. K. Stevenson has a study of *The Chronology and Relationship of Some Irish and Scottish Crosses*, a subject which Françoise Henry had almost made her own.

It is sad to see in this Journal the names of two energetic workers no longer with us, Dr. Seán P. Ó Riordáin, and Dr. E. St. John Brooks. An obit of Dr. Brooks is printed in the first Part of Vol. 86, where we also find one of Mr. Herbert Wood, and one of my dear old friend, Liam Ua Broin of Ballyfermot, who was a constant visitor in Fleet Street up to a couple of years ago. The review section, as usual, is most informative.

We sympathise heartily with the Society on the death of its President, my friend for very many years, Professor Seán Ó Riordáin.

IRISH STREET BALLADS *Corrigenda*

EIGHTEEN years after publication, my good friend Cathal O Shannon takes me to task for having stated in my Ballad Book that No. 60 *Henry Joy McCracken* was attributed to Dr. Drennan. It has been in fact printed over the name of P. J. McCall in Alice Milligan's *Shan Van Vocht*. There was, an older ballad of no political significance entitled 'The Belfast Mountains' and the words therefore are not traditional.

No. 64 *The Real Old Mountain Dew* in the same collection Cathal assures me is Peadar Kearney's, and it is strange no one ever told me this. I have heard it a number of times from 1916 on; and Peadar Kearney who was a friend of mine, never claimed it as his, though he must have seen it in *Irish Street Ballads*.

He has a further note regarding No. 65 *General Munroe*, of which he says many versions were current in Belfast before 1916, and it is strange that in this very number Dr. Dixon should enquire if there is extant anywhere a portrait of General Henry Munroe.

IN bringing to a close this, the thirty second volume of I.B.L., I thank all who have helped Séamus O Casaide and me since we took it over in 1926. I have only succeeded in printing sixteen volumes in 30 years. There were many difficulties. Lack of material: lack of money, as the Book Lover never paid, and never took advertisements. Many a time I had to fill a number almost unaided; but I do not regret having carried it on; it gave me a certain joy in the making. After all, 1909 to 1957 is a good spell for any Irish journal. If it is possible we may start a new series; at the moment it looks doubtful.

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Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie. Vol. xvi, xvii, xviii and xix (part 1).

Gilbert : *History of the Confederation*. Vol. vii.

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8th, 9th, 10th and 11th Reports Deputy Keeper Public Records, Ireland. (J.B.)

Breifne Antiquarian and Historical Society. Numbers 1 and 3 of Volume 1 ;

Number 3 of Volume 2 ; Number 1 of Volume 3. (F.S.B.)

Journal of the Cork Archaeological Society. Volume 28 part for July/Dec.

1922. Volume 51 part for Jan./June 1946. (F.S.B.)

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